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Battle Abbey, Sussex.



BATTLE ABBEY, situated in the town of the same name, which was originally a small village called Epiton, in the county of Sussex, was founded by William the Conqueror. A. D. 1067, in commemoration of the victory he gained over the English at that place, generally termed the battle of Hastings. It was built on that part of the field where the action had raged with the greatest fury; the highest altar of the fabric standing on the very spot where the body of the brave but unfortunate Harold was found; or according to some, where his standard was taken. It was dedicated to St. Martin, and filled with Benedictine monks from the Abbey of Mornontier, in Normandy. It was the intention of the Conqueror to have endowed it with lands sufficient for the maintenance of one hundred and forty monks, but was prevented by his death. He, however, granted it certain prerogatives and immunities, similar to those which were enjoyed by the monks of Christ Church, Canterbury: such as the exclusive right of Inquest on

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all murders committed within their lands; treasure-trove, or the property of all treasures found on their estates; free-warren, an exception for themselves and tenants, from all episcopal and other ecclesiastical jurisdiction; also, that if a convict were passing to execution, it was in the Abbot's power instantly to release him, should they meet on the road. At the dissolution, the revenues of Battle Abbey were valued according to Dugdale, at £880. 14s. 7d. per annum: Speed says £987. 0s. 10d. at which time pensions were assigned to several of the monks.

The ruins of this abbey are very stately. As to the kitchen, it was so large as to contain five fire places, and was arched at the top; but the extent of the whole abbey is computed at no less than a mile about. The gate-house is now used as a hall, in which are held the sessions and other meetings. But we must not forget a fact related of Abbot Hamo, in 1381; a body of Frenchmen landing and attacking Rye and Winchelsea, Hamo raised whatever force he could

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collect, repaired to Winchelsea, which fortifying as well as he was able, he checked the progress of the enemy, till the force of the country was sufficiently powerful effectually to repel them.

Much more (says the correspondent, to whom we are indebted for this article, and the original and beautiful drawing from which our engraving is made) might be said of this interesting and beautiful spot; but our limits will not allow us at present to proceed into a more prolix account. We hope hereafter to give our readers some account of the other magnificent ruins, and relics of ancient grandeur with which this island so plentifully abounds.

S. I. B.

NORMAN FORTIFICATIONS, &c.

THE Norman fortifications differed from the Saxon, but were improvements upon them. The Norman castle may be distinguished from the Saxon in this manner: the Saxons, where the situation would allow, built but *one* fortification, round, and extensive: the Norman castle was divided into *two* parts, the *base court*, and the *keep*, both strongly fortified; the *base court*, (overlooking the surrounding country,) with high earthen banks, topped with a strong stone wall; and the *keep* a high hill of earth, at one end of the fortification, (overlooking the *base court*), was surrounded by a ditch and strong wall. When we speak of a *keep* now, we are generally understood to mean a high and strong tower which being built upon the *keep*, (or hill,) went by the same name: that every castle had such a tower, and that it was considered the principle one in the building, is evident from the mention which old writers make of "the master tower," the "chief tower on the keep," &c. As this tower is also known by the title of the *Donjon*, it is by some writers supposed to have been used exclusively for the purpose of imprisonment, but by others, with more probability, that it only contained prisons or dungeons for malefactors and prisoners of war, amongst a variety of other apartments: and as in the remains of some Norman castles, places of this description have been observed in the *keep*, with neither doors, windows, nor communications of any kind with each other, it is presumed that prisoners were let into them from the top.

The form of the Norman castles was various; as was also that of the buildings on the *keep*: some of the towers being *round*, huge and massy, and some *square*, having turrets or bastions at each

corner. The *keep* was altogether a strong fortification, being the last resource of the besieged, when the outer-works, and *base court* were taken; but it was a hazardous place of refuge, as the enemy frequently obliged it to yield to that most terrible and effective of engines—fire!

The chief instruments for the assault of castles were:—The *mangonell*, *petraria*, *trebuchettum*, *tribunculis*, *tribiculi*, or *war-wolfs*. These instruments were all for casting darts, stones, and bolts.

The *bolt*: a species of wooden dart, with an iron head cast by the *mangonell*.

The *springgold*, and *bricola*, are mentioned by the old historians, but their uses are not known.

The *Scorpius*: the instrument for mining.

The *Catrus*: a machine for the miners to work under, to preserve them from the darts of the enemy. They had also engines under which the slingers and cross-bowmen laid in wait.

The *Turrets*, or *towers of wood*, whence the besiegers might overlook and annoy the besieged with stones, darts, &c.

The *Scaling Ladder*.

The besieged had several methods of defending themselves by planting their fences with stakes; countermining; casting stones, darts, wild-fire, and pouring boiling lead, pitch, and water upon their assailants; and covering their walls with tow, tow, and boiled hides, &c. to break the force of the battering engines. The classical reader will, no doubt, be struck with the extreme similarity of these instruments, modes of attack, and methods of defence, with those of the ancient Romans.

AN IDLER.

* Although Camden, who mentions them, and has not set down their uses, says in one part of his work, "That with the *mangonella*, *trebucher*, and *bricola*, they used to cast forth millstones of two and three cwt."

THE HISTORY OF MUSIC.

(Continued from page 341.)

MUSIC OF THE GREEKS AND ROMANS.

THE Phœnician colony, led into Greece by Cadmus, introduced the various arts into that country. The first idea of music among the Greeks was by striking their instruments of war against each other during their dances at sacrifices. Such is the account given of the origin of that species of music in Greece, which is produced by instruments of percussion.

The invention of wind-instruments in Greece is ascribed to Minerva, as that of stringed-instruments, we have in a former article stated, was attributed to the

Egyptian Mercury. The lyre of the Egyptians had only three strings, that of the Greeks seven; the latter is said to have been principally cultivated by Apollo, who first played on it with method, and accompanied it by his voice. It was this union of vocal and instrumental music (a combination never before attempted) which gave Apollo the palm of superiority over the flute of Marsyas in their celebrated contest. The progress of the lyre, according to Diodorus Siculus, was as follows:—The Muses added to the Grecian lyre the string called *mese*; *Lianus* that of *Lichanos*; and *Orpheus* and *Thamyris* those strings which are called *hypate* and *parhypate*. *Mese*, in the Greek music, is the fourth sound of the second tetrachord, answering to our A, in the fifth line of the bass. If this sound, then, was added to the former three of the Egyptian lyre, it proves that the most ancient tetrachord was that from E in the bass to A, and that the three original strings in the Egyptian and Greek lyre were tuned E, F, G; the addition, therefore, of *mese* to these completed the first and most ancient tetrachord, E, F, G, A. The string *Lichanos* again being added to these, and answering to our D on the third line in the bass, extended the compass downwards, and gave the ancient lyre a regular series of five sounds. The two strings *hypate* and *parhypate*, corresponding with our B and C in the bass, completed the heptachord, or seven sounds, b, c, d, e, f, g, a; a compass which received no addition until after the time of Pindar.

It is almost impossible to treat on the music of the Greeks without alluding to the poems of Homer, who is supposed to have sung his poems in the streets, as was the case at a later period with the German and Celtic bards, and the Scalds of Iceland and Scandinavia. The *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer afford the most authentic picture of the times of which Homer wrote and in which he lived, that can be found in the annals of antiquity. Music is named throughout with rapture; but as in those poems no mention is made of instrumental music unaccompanied with poetry and singing, so doubt a considerable share of the poet's praise was intended for the poetry.

The instruments most frequently named by Homer are the lyre, the flute, and the *avtax*; the trumpet does not appear to have been known at the siege of Troy, though it had come into use in or before the days of Homer. From the time of Homer and Hesiod to that of Sappho, we have no record to show the state of literature or the arts; and a similar blank

occurs during the century which elapsed between Sappho and Anacreon, and again between the latter and the time of Pindar. In the three centuries which succeeded, Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, with Plato, Aristotle, Theocritus, &c. carried the arts of poetry, eloquence, music, sculpture, and the other fine and useful arts, to a pitch which, until then, they had never attained.

The invention of notation and musical characters, which is generally attributed to Terpander, a celebrated poet and musician, who flourished about 671 years before Christ, formed a new era in the progress of music. Previous to this valuable discovery, music was entirely traditional, and consequently depended much on the memory and taste of the performer.

The character of the Grecian music appears to have been noisy and vociferous in the extreme. The trumpet players at the Olympian games used to express an excess of joy when they found their utmost exertions had not done them some very serious injury. Lucian relates of a young flute-player, *Harmenides*, that on his first public appearance at these games, he began a solo with so violent a blast, in order to *surprise* and *elevate* the audience, that he breathed his last breath into his flute, and died on the spot. When to this anecdote, incredible as it may appear, we add the circumstance that the trumpet-players at the public exhibitions felt surprise and joy when they found their exertions had neither rent their cheeks nor broke a blood-vessel, we may form some idea of the style of the Grecian music.

The flute was long in Greece an instrument of high favour, and the flute-players were held in much estimation. The flute used by *Ismenias*, a celebrated Theban musician, cost at Corinth three talents, or 581*l.* 5*s.*; and the remuneration of the performers seems as extraordinary as the price of the instruments, for we find that *Amæbaeus*, a harper, was paid an Attic talent, or 193*l.* 15*s.* per day for his performance.

The musicians of Greece, who performed in public, were of both sexes; and the beautiful *Lamias*, who was taken prisoner by *Demetrius*, and captivated her conqueror, as well as many other females, are mentioned by ancient authors in terms of admiration.

The Romans, like every other people, were, from their first origin as a nation, possessed of a species of music which might be distinguished as their own. It appears to have been rude and coarse, and probably was a variation of the music in use among the Etruscans, and other tribes

around them in Italy; but as soon as they began to open a communication with Greece, from that country, with their arts and philosophy they borrowed also their music and musical instruments; and therefore an account of Roman music would only be a repetition of what has been said on the subject of the music of Greece.

It has been generally supposed that music, and, indeed, all the fine arts, have the character of humanizing the human mind; and it is on record, that the wrath of princes has been appeased, and the dagger of the assassin arrested, by the power of music. It had, however, no such effect on Nero, the Roman emperor, who was passionately devoted to the art, and held public contentions for superiority with the most celebrated professors of it in Greece and Rome. The solicitude with which this detestable tyrant cultivated his vocal powers is curious, and seems to throw some light on the practices of singers in ancient times. He used to lie on his back with a thin plate of lead on his stomach; he took frequent emetics and cathartics, abstained from all kinds of fruit, and from such meats as were held to be prejudicial to singing. Apprehensive of injuring his voice, he, at length, desisted from haranguing the soldiery and the senate; and after his return from Greece, he established an officer to regulate his tones in speaking.

Before we proceed further in the history of music, it may be as well to relate some instances of the effects it is said to have produced among the ancients. We are told by our immortal poet, that

"Music has charms to soothe the savage breast,
To soften rocks, and rend the knotted oak;"

and the Greeks relate, that Orpheus and Amphion drew the wild beasts after them, and made even trees and stones dance to the tune of their harps. This is, of course, figurative, or fabulous; but the history of the ancients, long after it had quitted the regions of fiction, abounds in instances which show that music, even in its infancy, has produced very extraordinary effects. Tyrtæus, the Spartan poet, by certain verses which he sung to the accompaniment of flutes, so enflamed the courage of his countrymen, that they achieved a great victory over the Messenians, to whom they had submitted in several previous conflicts. Timotheus, with his flute, could move the passions of Alexander as he pleased, inspiring him at one moment with the greatest fury, and soothing him the next into a state the most gentle and placid. Pythagoras instructed a woman, by the power of

music, to arrest the fury of a young man who came to set her house on fire; and his disciple, Empedocles, employed his lyre with such success, as to prevent another from murdering his father, when the sword was unsheathed for that purpose. The fierceness of Achilles was allayed by playing on the harp, on which account Homer gives him nothing else out of the spoils of Eëtion. Damon, with the same instrument, quieted wild and drinking youths; and Asclepiades, in a similar manner, brought back seditious multitudes to temper and reason.

Music is reported to have been also efficacious in removing several dangerous diseases. Picus Mirandala observes, in explanation of its being appropriate to such an end, that music moves the spirits to act upon the soul and the body. Theophrastus, in his "Essay on Enthusiasm," reports many cures performed on this principle.

It is certain, that the Thebans used the pipe for the cure of many disorders, which Galen called *Super loco affecto tibia curare*. So Zenocrates is said to have cured several madmen, and among others, Sarpander and Arion. In modern times the effects of music have not been less surprising; but these we shall notice hereafter.

(To be continued.)

THE ORIGIN OF DR. FAUSTUS, AND THE LEARNING OF THE EMPEROR JUSTIN.

(For the Mirror.)

WE are told that Faust (who had a share in the origin of printing), carrying a parcel of his bibles to Paris, and offering them for sale as MSS., the French, upon considering the number of books, and their exact conformity with one another, even to a point, and that the best book writers could not be near so exact, concluded there was witchcraft in the case; and, by either actually indicting him as a conjurer, or threatening to do so, extorted the secret of the art of printing; and thence the origin of the popular story of Dr. Faustus. The Emperor Justin could not write, and when he had occasion to sign any thing, there was a smooth board, with holes cut through it, in form of the letters of his name; this was laid on the paper, and he marked the letters with a pen or stylus dipped in red ink, and directed through the holes.—See Phil. Trans. No. 479, p. 393; and Rees's Cyclopædia, article Printing. P. T. W.

THE LAST DAY OF MAY.

The month of May, the month of May
Is gone—is quickly gone and past:
For, oh! it was too bright to stay;
Such gay brilliance could not last.
Thus one by one, from year to year,
Our friends fade off and disappear.
The bloom that blushed upon the trees,
And by its fragrance charmed the sense,
No more is seen; but on the breeze
Is long since wafted far from hence.
So Passion's chilling breath destroys
The tender flowers of this world's joys.
The modest May with grace retires—
Now her delightful reign is done;
Whilst with eyes, like two glowing fires,
See! rosy Summer mounts the throne:
And, with smiles of youthful pleasure,
Spreads o'er earth her fruitful treasure.
But yet, the month that's gone I love,
Much more than that which now is here;
As Joy's serene looks can move
My heart far more than the livelier.
Adieu! adieu! thou pleasant May,
Bright phoenix of the year's decay!

P. B.

RETROSPECTION, OR OLD AND NEW TIMES.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—To associate our ideas with various subjects is a work easily performed, though, perhaps, yielding more amusement than any other employment so much under our own command. "One of the best secrets of enjoyment," says a profound writer, "consists in the art of cultivating pleasant associations." Indeed I have felt from my earliest years the most gratifying enjoyment derived from the association of ideas; it is a means by which many interesting objects are brought under the dominion of our immediate view. In this conception, then, I have endeavoured to associate ideas with the former state of England in some few instances.

Were it possible for the "misty vault" to emit from its mouldy spectres some of the "illustrious dead," who have long since paid nature's debt, they would not be a little struck by the entire subversion of all and every thing connected with the English character and country; not that I intend to offer the least hint in allusion to the existing speculative impulse, for in all ages there seems to have been men disposed to dupe each other; but I wish not to throw discredit either upon the milk or water company—the bread or lime company—nor even upon the beer or drug company. They, perhaps, like many other valuable companies ("too numerous to mention") may, in their seat

for the public good, prove of service generally if it be only in the way of caution, should, at some future period, the like gullibility of disposition offer itself.

Religion and social order have, I am proud to say, raised their heads above the yoke of superstition, bigotry, and slavery—illuminated the mind and taught man the blessed value of discrimination—while literature and the arts have not been far behind in tending to the still further advancement of those invaluable treasures which have placed England in so eminent a station.

In these days of general improvement, every man, more or less, considers himself capable of forming his own conclusions; the *ipse dixit* of no man is received with that implicit confidence with which it formerly was. By the introduction of publications, accessible by the working community, most men now read and think for themselves. Popular superstitions and ancient dogmas therefore diminish.

Science, in all its multifarious compartments, has taken a most extended course; indeed so great has been the progress of the various sciences, that within the short period of twenty-five to thirty-one years, the improvement has been so great that, did we not know such existed, we should not believe it.

The numerous arts and sciences have created a great "social pyramid," and consecrated it to the general intellectual improvement of mankind, which stupendous pile gives fruitful encouragement and opportunities for the genius of more Franklins and more Wattses. Were it possible I could wish to see science take a still more extended range, feeling convinced of the soundness of the assertion of Mr. Brougham, ("the cultivation of science is the forerunner of liberty and enlightened toleration") contained in his eloquent speech at Glasgow. Though I do not admire digressions, I cannot refrain from offering a tribute of admiration to a speech the most replete with profound eloquence and beautiful criticism that has of late years been delivered at the University of Glasgow.

That morality, in connection with all other improvements, has also much advanced, little doubt I imagine can exist. There are some individuals certainly, who by a superficial view of the subject, contend that morality has decreased. But although there may be a greater number of offences against morality, it must be recollected that the scale ought to be balanced by the fact that the population of England has amazingly increased from the period that they may date their cal-

ulations. We should feel somewhat surprised to see a proclamation, or to know that cause for one existed, similar to that issued by King John, compelling all "priests' concubines to pay a heavy fine," or any thing bearing upon the 28th canon of a synod held at Oxford, by cardinal Langton, where clergymen are prohibited from keeping concubines publicly in their own houses, or approaching to the case of a deacon, condemned by the same cardinal, who, in order to marry a Jewish woman, actually changed his creed and qualified himself. These are crimes committed by the best disposed men, which would in the eighteenth century, almost paralyze the most licentious.

If we recur to common civility alone, we shall find none of that rough and uncouth conduct which formerly manifested itself, and as far as regards politeness and etiquette, perhaps the present age never was, or will be, equalled; indeed it has risen to almost too great a height. There is a certain degree of honest freedom that I should always wish to see displayed—it is more conducive to strengthen the tie of friendship than the present cool and frequently unmeaning etiquette—the precise, tedious, and somewhat drab-coloured formality of introduction of Miss Agnes Prudence Evenhand, Sir Charles Frederick Edwards—Sir Charles Frederick Edwards, Miss Agnes Prudence Evenhand; and so on through ten or fifteen names, (the whole of which must be repeated let them be ever so long), becomes not only irksome to the introduced party, but absolutely objectionable to all. The British court is certainly now in the zenith of refinement, unlike that in the time of King James, when ladies, nay, even the "Queen herself could scarcely pass the apartments of the King without receiving affronts."

In pursuing my retrospective course, having touched upon the more important heads as far as respects our immediate improvement, I shall make a few remarks relative to the former regulation of that life which was then considered the most fashionable and polished. The ladies rose at six in the morning to breakfast, and that meal consisted of *salt fish and beer*; dined at twelve, and retired to rest at nine. How opposite are the laws which govern (for each governs the other both as regards their style of living and general conduct) the present nobility. Instead of rising at six, or at least before the glorious and cheerful sun has commenced his diurnal course, they more frequently consider it as the proper time to return to rest. Why that which was so

conducive to health, and consequently happiness, should have been thus entirely subverted, remains a mystery. It can be accounted for in no other way than that it must have originated in the love for novelty, which is the parent of fashion; but let it not be understood that I frown at a certain degree of love for fashion manifesting itself in every individual: it is ambition that moves the world—without it we should be but a passive race indeed.

While speaking of fashion it recalls to my recollection the contrast hence; and, perhaps, the alteration may be worthy of remark and imitation. To commence then with the most prominent part of our frame—the head—in the female we see a shining cluster of curls, carelessly flowing over the forehead, instead of a pyramid or column, somewhat after the style of Pompey's pillar, formed of horse-hair and other stuffing materials to increase its height—a fashion not only unclean, but exceedingly disagreeable and inconvenient, besides detractive from all share of grace and elegance. The ladies now appear in an easy and natural form unencumbered either with hoops or hoods, which were only calculated to suit the deformed and hide that symmetry for which the English ladies stood so pre-eminently high in estimation. Perhaps a greater contrast never existed than a young lady of 1700 and 1800; but happily (for I love to see a lady well robed) improvements have been made since the latter period, and ladies now are (*in dress*) all that I could wish them to be.

Having occupied your attention some little time concerning the ladies, I must not pass unnoticed the gentlemen, some of whom have of late, even in 1825, rendered themselves objects *worthy of remark*, to whom I would only say that when dress is the principal study of any man, abject indeed must be the creature of a weaver.

Gentlemen can now move with ease and freedom. The long powdered wigs are superseded by the clean and comfortable practice of short cut hair. From an advertisement, in 1793, describing a youth in middle life, it appears that the quality and colour of gentlemen's apparel have varied much, for in it is stated, after enumerating other particulars, that he had on "a brown coat, black buttons and button holes, light drugged waistcoat, red shag breeches striped with black stripes, and black stockings." This certainly must have been a singular dress though not more so than one worn during the reign of Queen Mary; for by a proclamation issued in her reign relative

to square-toed shoes, which were then worn prodigiously broad, it was decreed that "no man should wear his shoes above six inches square at the toes."

Before I close this article, which, perhaps, touches upon more subjects than there are pieces in my grand mother's patch-worked quilt, which by the bye was left her as a relic by her mother, who held it in high veneration, as it formerly belonged to an intimate maiden friend who laboured seventeen years for its completion, and loved and preserved it for sixty years, I cannot refrain from turning your attention, Sir, for one moment to a subject, though last, not least in importance. For architecture England owes much to Inigo Jones, who commenced that order of building which Sir Christopher Wren continued and admirably completed. Previous to the time of Inigo Jones, our dwellings, and buildings generally, were exceedingly ill-constructed, the rooms being very low with few or no windows, they having only small holes in various parts of the walls. Indeed, at one period, English dwelling places seem to have been of the most wretched character. In a letter directed to the physician of cardinal Wolsey, describing an English dwelling, it is stated, after enumerating many particulars, "as to the floors, they are usually made of clay, covered with rushes, which are so slightly removed now and then, that the lower part remains sometimes for twenty years together, and in it a collection of dirt and filthiness not to be named to 'ears polite.' Hence upon a change of weather a vapour is exhaled, very pernicious, in my opinion, to the human body."

It certainly appears strange that England, though it enjoys the greatest aggregate of almost every thing in splendour, should be so far behind other countries in this particular and noble quality. It seems to have been entirely neglected, with the exception of some few edifices; but I cannot help feeling much gratification by a faint revival of that taste which is displayed in some of our modern buildings—not in the churches lately erected—those, more particularly in the parish of Lambeth, display little more architectural taste than we can discover in common brick chapels, perhaps not so much as in some. But however humble may be the practical efforts of our modern architects, still we ought to cultivate it with the greatest energy, and not allow the proudest kingdom to be excelled in their buildings by almost every other state, though it can never be expected that we shall see a

second magnificent Pantheon or another towering Pyramid.

Notwithstanding all our valuable architectural buildings bear ancient dates, it appears a little paradoxical that the English dwelling places (houses they cannot be termed) should have been of so wretched a construction. Bacon says, "houses are built to live in, and not to look on; therefore let use be preferred before uniformity." But healthfulness, convenience, and uniformity, and indeed nothing, with the exception of the mere shelter from the inclemency of the weather, were thought of. Perhaps a German hovel, or an Hindostan hut, would have been preferable.

Having occupied so much of your valuable time and room, Sir, I shall only urge that under all the customs, practices, and governments, by which Britain has been controlled, those with few exceptions, which prevail in 1825, appear to be the most calculated to increase the happiness, convenience, good order and health of all classes. That age to which many Englishmen turn with admiration, "the golden age of Queen Bess," is fraught with many unpleasant laws and customs. Suffice to name one—her punishment for libel, which was loss of the right hand to the libeller. What would be said were such the present laws? I bless my fate that I lived not in those days, nor when every esquire and every castle and monastery had its dungeons, wherein to conceal whomsoever the owner might feel inclined; but at a period when my native soil is no more alarmed by the sound of war, and when the warrior and the farmer have only to unite their powers and turn the sowers into plough-shares, and powder stacks into horns of plenty. A. B. C.

The Selector;

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

THE THURTELL OF THE SIX- TEENTH CENTURY.

PERHAPS among the numerous criminals who have at various times, and for various crimes suffered capitally, there never was a greater monster than Lord Stourton, a Roman Catholic lord, who, in the reign of Queen Mary, murdered two Protestant gentlemen, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity. The victims to this nobleman's revenge were William Hartgill, and John Hartgill his son, two gentlemen of Kilmington, in Somersetshire. We agree with the writer

of the narrative of this barbarous murder, that no act of Mary's reign does so much credit to her memory as this execution of the laws. The following is the account of the transaction, from a narrative written soon after its occurrence:—

"A quarrel had arisen some years before between the parties respecting Lord Stourton's mother, while she was on a visit at Mr. Hartgill's house; and shortly afterwards, on a Sunday morning, his lordship went to Kilmington with a riotous assemblage of persons armed with bows and guns, and committed violent outrages. John Hartgill, 'a tall, lusty gentleman, being told of Lord Stourton's coming, went out of the church, and drew his sword, and ran to his father's house, adjoining fast to the church-yard side. Divers arrows were shot at him in his passing; but he was not hurt. His father, the said William Hartgill, and his wife, being old folks, were driven to go up into the tower of the church, with two or three of their servants, for the safeguard of their lives. When the said John Hartgill was come into his father's house, he took his long-bow and arrows, and bent a cross-bow, and charged a gun, and caused a woman to carry the cross-bow and gun after him, and himself with his long-bow came forth, and drove away the said Lord Charles and all his men from the house, and from about the church; so not one of all the company tarried, saving half a score that were entered into the church, amongst whom one was hurt with hail-shot in the shoulder by the said John Hartgill.' Sir Thomas Speake, the sheriff of the county, was directed by the lords of the council to repress these disorders, and to bring up Lord Stourton, who was at first committed to prison, and afterwards bound to keep the peace; but the desire of revenge continued to canker in his breast, and the Hartgills were the constant objects of his persecution: he destroyed their corn, drove away their cattle, and kept them in a perpetual state of alarm for their lives.

"At length, availing themselves of the queen's being at Basing End, in Hampshire, they petitioned her majesty for redress, and the parties being called before the council, Lord Stourton promised, that if they would come to his house and desire a reconciliation, he would not only grant it, but restore their goods and cattle.

"Whereupon, trusting to his promise made in such presence, they took a gentleman with them, as a friend, and went to wait upon his lordship; but on coming near to his house, a number of Lord Stourton's servants rushed out upon them in a lane, and attempted to seize the

younger Hartgill, and on his turning round and riding away, he was stopped by six others, who beset him before and behind, and ere he could draw his sword, he was wounded in several places, and they left him for dead.

"At length this business was brought before the Star Chamber, and in the end, the matter appeared so heinously base on the part of Lord Stourton, that he was sentenced to pay a sum of money to the Hartgills, and was committed to the Fleet; but some time afterwards was allowed to return to his country, having first given a bond for 2,000*l.* to render himself a prisoner again in the Fleet on the first day of the following term, and promised faithfully to pay in the meantime to the Hartgills the sums of money in which he had been condemned. He then arrived at his house of Stourton Caundel, and in a few days afterwards sent to the Hartgills, informing them that he was ready to pay them the money which had been ordered by the Star Chamber, adding, that he also wished to commune with them for an ending of all matters between them. Kilmington Church was accordingly appointed as the place of meeting, and Lord Stourton came, accompanied with fifteen or sixteen of his own servants, many of his tenants, and some gentlemen and justices, to the number of sixty persons.

"The Hartgills, seeing so great a company, began to be alarmed, and the elder, as he approached Lord Stourton, said, 'My lord, I see many enemies of mine about your lordship, and therefore I am afraid to come any nearer,' and though assured that they should have no bodily hurt, they refused to enter any covered place, save the church. His lordship first laid down a purse, as if he were going to pay them; but he had scarcely begun conversing on the object of their meeting, when he seized them both, saying, 'I arrest you of felony.' They were then bound with their hands behind them, by his lordship's order; he treated the younger Hartgill's wife in the most brutal manner, and had his two prisoners confined during that day in the parson's age-house, without meat or drink; and it is said, that had he not been otherwise overpersuaded by one of his men, they would have been murdered there that night.

"About one or two o'clock the next morning, these two unfortunate gentlemen were conveyed thence to a house at Basing Bonham, within a quarter of a mile of Stourton, his lordship's own residence, where they were placed in separate apartments, fast bound, without food, fire, or anything to lay on; and so they remained

ed till four of the clock in the following afternoon; and then Lord Stourton sent for their examination two justices of the peace, whom he made believe that he would the next morning send them to prison. The magistrates, finding them bound, directed that they should be loosed, and remain so; but they were no sooner gone than his lordship again had them tied with their hands behind them, and directed all the keepers to leave them, except four of his own servants, whom he had previously engaged to commit the horrid deed.

"About ten o'clock at night the murderers took their victims to a close adjoining Lord Stourton's house, where they forced them to kneel down, and knocked them on their heads with clubs, the base director of the deed standing in the meantime at a gallery door not a good coyte's cast from the place."

"This done, the bodies were wrapped up and conveyed through a garden into the gallery where Lord Stourton stood, and so into a small place at the end thereof, his lordship bearing a candle to light the murderers. This place adjoined Lord Stourton's own chamber, and when they were brought there, life not being quite extinct, they groaned, especially the old man, and one of the ruffians swore that they were not dead; another said it would be a good deed to rid them of their pains, and lest a French priest lying near the place should hear, his lordship directed that their throats should be cut, himself standing by with a candle in his hand."

"One of the murderers now beginning to feel remorse, said to his master, 'Ah! my lord, this is a piteous sight: had I thought as I now think, before the deed was done, your whole land should not have brought me to consent to such an act.' To which his lordship answered, 'What, faint-hearted knave! is it any more than ridding of two knaves, that, living, were troublesome to God's laws and man's? There is no more account to be made of them than of killing two sheep.'"

"The bodies were then let down into a dungeon, where they were buried very deep, covered first with earth, then with two courses of thick pavement, and the place finally covered over with a quantity of chips and shavings."

"The bodies were found by Sir Anthony Hungerford, then sheriff of Wiltshire, whose exertions in discovering them received the merited thanks of the council. Lord Stourton was apprehended, and conveyed to the Tower on the 26th of January, and on the 26th of the following month he was arraigned in West-

minster Hall, before the Lord Chief Justice Brokes, and other judges, the lord-steward, the lord-treasurer, and others, appointed by special commission to try him; and his four servants were sent down to be arraigned in Wiltshire."

"The two unfortunate gentlemen who had fallen victims to Lord Stourton's violent and malicious nature were Protestants; and as his lordship had always been a staunch supporter of the Roman Catholic religion, and had rendered many services to the government, it was hoped by his friends that the queen would have spared his life; but she left him to the laws; and there is no act of Mary's reign that does so much credit to her memory as this demonstration of justice, and her horror at the baseness of his crime. On the 28th of February, the council directed the sheriff of Wilts to receive his body at the hands of Sir Hugh Paulet, and to see him executed; and on the 2nd of March, he was taken under a strong guard from the Tower, on horseback, with his arms pinioned behind him, and his legs tied under the horse's belly. The first day he was conducted to Hounslow; on the second to Staines; thence to Basingstoke; and on the fourth to Salisbury, whence, on the next day, he was executed in the market-place; and it is said that 'he made great lamentation at his death for his wilful and impious deed.' It was directed that his servants should be hanged in chains at Meere, and the only mark of distinction shown to Lord Stourton's rank was his being hanged with a silken cord."

Bayley's History of the Tower.

COUNT DE ST. GERMAIN.

At the court of Louis XV. was a singular charlatan, said to be a bastard son of the King of Portugal, and a worthy predecessor of the notorious Cagliostro.

"The Count de St. Germain pretended to have already lived two thousand years, and according to him, the account was still running. He went so far, as to claim the power of transmitting the gift of long life. One day, calling upon his servant to bear witness to a fact that went pretty far back, the man replied, 'I have no recollection of it, sir; you forget that I have only had the honour of serving you for five hundred years.'"

"St. Germain, like all other charlatans of this sort, assumed a theatrical magnificence and an air of science calculated to deceive the vulgar. His best instrument of deception was the phantasmagoria; and, as by means of this abuse of the science of optics, he called up shades which

were asked for, and almost always recognised his correspondence with the other world was a thing proved by the concurrent testimony of numerous witnesses.

"He played the same game in London, Venice, and Holland, but he constantly regretted Paris, where his miracles were never questioned.

"St. Germain passed his latter days at the court of the Prince of Hesse Cassel, and died at Plewig, in 1784, in the midst of his enthusiastic disciples, and to their infinite astonishment at his sharing the common destiny."

The count used to amuse himself, as he said, not by making, but by letting it be believed that he lived in old times; he also pretended to remove spots from diamonds and to make pearls grow. One day,—

"The king ordered a diamond of middling size, which had a spot, to be brought. It was weighed; and the king said to the count, 'It is valued at two hundred and forty pounds; but it would be worth four hundred if it had no spot. Will you try to put a hundred and sixty pounds into my pocket?' He examined it carefully, and said, 'It may be done; and I will bring it you again in a month.' At the time appointed, the count brought back the diamond, without a spot, and gave it to the king. It was wrapped in a cloth of amiantus, which he took off. The king had it weighed, and found it but very little diminished. The king sent it to his jeweller, by M. de Gontaut, without telling him anything of what had passed. The jeweller gave three hundred and eighty pounds for it. The king, however, sent for it back again, and kept it as a curiosity. He could not overcome his surprise, and said, that M. de St. Germain must be worth millions, especially if he had also the secret of making large diamonds out of a number of small ones. He neither said that he had, nor that he had not; but he positively asserted, that he could make pearls grow, and give them the finest water."

Hausset's Memoirs.

BURYING GROUND IN INDIA.

THE burying-ground of Scroor is small, and does not contain so many graves as might be expected. Though rather pleasantly situated, it wants the hallowing influence of a church in the midst of it, and the solemn shade of lofty trees, such as surround most receptacles for the dead in Britain, and throw a melancholy solemnity over them, that accords well with the purposes to which they are applied. An unsheltered burying-ground

in India, bleaching beneath the glare of a fervid sun, and exposed to the invasion of wolves and jackalls, is not the least striking part of an Asiatic landscape; and is one that has in it something repulsive to British feelings.

The only remarkable tomb in Scroor is one that was erected to the memory of Colonel Wallace, who died in command of the cantonment, and so much beloved by the natives, that they honoured him with an apotheosis, and now daily perform religious rites at his cemetery, where an officiating priest attends, and sometimes keeps a lamp burning during a great part of the night. His apparition, it is said, frequently walks round the lines at midnight; and the Sepoy veterans are in the habit of presenting arms at the time they expect it to pass before them. The priest declares that a voice from his tomb has more than once uttered prophecies and revelations; and the natives believe this, and seldom engage in anything important without making an attempt to propitiate the shade of the departed Colonel Wallace.

Houison's Foreign Scenes.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

CHINESE COURT HISTORY.

THERE has been recently put into our hands a manuscript translation* of a work published in China, during the reign of Kien-Lung, entitled *Pih-mei-sho-yung*, or "Songs of a Hundred Beautiful Women." It is of the same class of productions with the celebrated *Mémoires du Comte de Grammont*; but the anecdotes it contains are in general so extravagant, so frivolous and puerile, that it pays but a poor compliment to the understandings of Chinese readers. The author observes in his preface:—

It is easy for heaven to produce plain persons, but very difficult to create handsome women. From the time of the dynasty Chow and Tsin, to the present (a period of about 3,000 years) few lives of handsome women have been recorded. Is the cause of their scarcity owing to the spirits and vapours of hills and rivers? or is it because they live retired, and, not being seen, their histories cannot be known?

A specimen of the romantic is found in the history of Kae-yuen.

* By Mr. Thomas, of the Company's printing establishment, Macao. Its MS. title is: "A Sketch of the Lives of the Ladies of the Imperial Palace of China."

Kae-yuen was an attendant at the palace. When the emperor Yuen-sung sent a large quantity of regimental clothing to the troops on the frontiers (great part of which was made in the imperial palace), one of the soldiers found in the pocket of his coat the following ode:—

The soldier in battle with foemen contending,
Through cold and fatigue is unable to rest;
I make then this garment, his person defending
From cold, tho' I cannot tell who 'twill invest.
Concerned for his welfare, whoever he be,
I add extra stitches to keep out the wind;
And to guard his dear person, tho' stranger to me,
I stuff a large portion of wadding behind.
'Tis in vain to expect we shall meet in this life;
But I hope I may be, in the next world, his wife.

The soldier gave the ode to his officer, the officer transmitted it to the emperor; his majesty ordered strict inquiries to be made throughout the palace for the person who wrote it. When Kae-yuen was asked, she replied, "I am deserving of ten thousand deaths." Yuen-sung took compassion upon her; and he married her to the person who found the ode. The soldier, thereupon, observed to her, with a smile: "you and I have, however, come together in *this life*!"

One anecdote deserves perusal chiefly on account of the natural and poetical images which occur in the verses.

Soo-hway was the wife of Tow-taou, alias Jo-lan, and a person of superior attainments. During the viceroyship of Ho-kuin, Tow-taou was a mandarin at Tsin-chow, but was banished for life to the desert Sha-mo. Soo-hway, who never ceased to lament him, wove an ode into the form of an intricate knot, which she presented in his behalf, to the emperor. It measured seven cubits five inches in width, and was of five different colours. It contained two hundred and eighty characters, and could be read in every direction.

The translator thinks that the squares were woven, and the characters worked in with a needle. Still it is a most ingenious contrivance; and the emperor's name (which occurs towards the conclusion) is brought conspicuously into the centre. The ode is as follows:—

When my husband was banished, I accompanied him to the foot of the bridge; I tried to suppress my grief, but could not say "farewell."

Why, since your departure, have I not received a letter from you?—Remember, our couch, even in spring, is cold. Through grief, I have suffered the staircase you raised to decay; and the windows with white curtains are soiled with dust.

When you left me, my spirits were

bewildered:—I wished to become the shadow of the moon in the sea; or a cloud that flits over the lofty mountains.

The clouds behold my husband's face; as doth the sea-moon in her monthly journey. They can discern him though at the distance of ten thousand *lee*.

Since we parted, the green rushes by the river's side have faded; and who would have believed that, ere we met, the *Mei* should blossom again and again.

Every flower unfolds itself to meet the spring; yet our hearts expand in vain. My thoughts are employed upon your return alone; so that the willow at the door bends to the ground; and there is none to sweep away the falling flowers.

The grass before our cottage grows rank; your flute hangs unemployed in the hall. My husband no more sings to me a Kiang-nan song.

For three springs have I heard the wild-fowl utter their cries in crossing the river.—My spirits faint ere my favourite *kin* becomes relaxed: grief ends my song.

O, husband, forget not your wife, whose affections are firm as a mountain, and who thinks of you incessantly. She weaves this letter, and presents it to his imperial majesty, beseeching him to grant you a speedy return.

The emperor pitied Soo-hway, and recalled Tow-taou from exile.—*Ariatic Journal*.

CROOKED CUSTOMS.

"More honoured in the breach than in the observance."—SHAKESPEARE'S *Hamlet*.

Vivere est cogitare, et cetera, is a very ancient, but a very wholesome adage, and when I look upon any customs which the inhabitants of this well-peopled world so affectionately and so pertinaciously cling to, through tide and time, I begin to think that not a few of these may be dispensed with, and that without putting the national faith in jeopardy, or banishing its politeness to the north pole.—What a number of superfluous, troublesome, and incongruous ceremonies are still maintained, at the expense of elegance and comfort in our social intercourse with each other; and so absurd are they, so little conducive to the dignity of society, or even to the consequence of individuals, one would really think we preferred playing our parts in strait waistcoats, or to walk through the world with fetters upon our actions.

It has been exceedingly well observed, that true politeness consists in ease, to which good sense is a happy auxiliary. Form and false parade stick close to the ignorant and the vulgar.

Should we not think it a very March madness to stickle for precedency, when a matter of consequence demanded that we waste not a single moment? And yet Mistress Smooks, from the city, will stand bobbing and curtsying to her neighbour Madam Higginson, and exclaim—"Ia, no, madam—indeed, ma'am—pon my honour, I can't go first"—and all about—the rain coming down by bucket-falls the while—who should first ascend the steps, and ensconce themselves on the leathern seats of a dirty hackney-coach.

Then again—"oh, it is horrible, most horrible!"—after we have endured, and sat out, thirty minutes of awkward ceremony and awful suspense,—the half hour before the summons of a dress party dinner reaches the drawing-room—then again, when all are "like hounds new slipped," ready to dash towards the savoury fragrance of soups and sirloins, to have the main body deranged, and the rear thrown into disorder, by the starch and brocaded ceremony of two silk-rustling dowagers, debating who should first enter the "promised land," and marshal the hungry detachment to the object of all their wishes. Shakspeare must have had this custom in his "mind's eye," when he wrote the words of my motto. It is crooked enough, truly.

But at the feast-board, after the preliminaries have been arranged, and the seats duly apportioned, even there misfortunes—they never will come singly, and like angel visits, "far between"—follow us, and *politesse* spoils our fish and cools our soup. We must wait till every one at table is provided for, before we venture to taste the viands the bounty of our host has piled upon our plate. The onset must not be made till the commissariat has delivered out every ration, and (in comparison) until the "little drummer-boys and all" are prepared to charge in company. This is another touch of policy, which runs, like Hogarth's line of beauty, only it lacks its utility. It should be reformed altogether.

Then your health drinking, that perplexing and dissipated practice, with what an increase of comfort might that be abolished! Like bidding for a favourite lot at an auction, one is actually obliged in a large company, to wait chances, and race for speaking time, between the discordant babel of rival toasters; and we think ourselves too happy to catch the eye of our hostess, and to escape with a mere nod from the vociferous ceremony. They lay its introduction at a monarch's door; but I can assure all fashionable

people, that the "drink-weal" of the Saxon is quite out now at palaces and in "king's houses."

Song singing—I mean the indiscriminate chanting of mixed societies, when the bowl and bottle make those

"Who once could sing, sing now the more,
And those to sing, who never sang before."

that is an abomination which will admit of lopping. I do not quarrel with a good sea, or sporting song, with a cheerful catch, or a cheering melody, but with the absurd custom of asking and expecting all to sing—from the pouting miss, who will bear teasing for a full hour before she complies, to the eager ballad-monger, who, having half a dozen ditties, ready cut and dried, is uneasy and restless till he has poured their full flood of discord upon your much injured ears. I quite agree with some writer of an earlier day, when he says, that "if a lady or a gentleman has a fine voice (and knows how to use it, he should have added), it is sensible to entreat them to sing, and it is good humoured when they comply," but I also go along with him, when he adds, that if "the resolution is made of a company singing alternately, it is enough to confound one's senses, and make a philosopher vow that he will, like Timon, avoid the society of man." Certes, your sing-song companies are equivocal comforts, for

What ear, ye sirens, can endure the peep
Of a man roaring, like a storm at west?
Or who can bear, that bath an ear at all,
To hear some hoyden miss for evenings squall?
Give me, ye gods, my cabin free from care,
And jingling nightingales in darkling air.

These are only the advanced guard, my good masters, of the army of *Crooked Comforts* I have under my command—some other time I may take the field again, and parade a second detachment before you, and for your warning. Mr. Beresford may probably be content with the two volumes he has already written; but, if not, I am quite sure I have matter "deep and dangerous" where-withal to furnish him for the compilation of two additional tomes, descriptive of "*The Miseries of Human Life*."

European Magazine.

Miscellanies

GIPSY ANECDOTES.

In 1797, Robert Johnston, son to John Johnston, gipsy, sturdy beggar, and vagabond, at that time prisoner in the

Tolbooth of Jedburgh, in Scotland, was indicted at the instance of his Majesty's Advocate, and of Margery Young, relict of the deceased Alexander Fall, heckle-maker, in Home, for the murder of the said Fall. In the evidence brought forward upon the trial, we find the following account of this savage transaction:—

"John Henderson, feuar in Huntley-wood, depones, that time and place libelled, Robert Johnston, panel, and his father, came to Huntley-wood, and possessed themselves of a cot-house belonging to the deponent; and that a little after, Alexander Fall, the defunct, came up to the door of the said house, and desired they would make open the door; that the door was standing a-jar, and the deponent saw Robert Johnston, panel, in the inside of the door, and a fork in his hand,—and saw him push over the door-head at the said Alexander Fall,—and saw the grains of the fork strike Alexander Fall in the breast, and Alexander Fall coming back from the door staggering, came to a midding, and there he fell down and died immediately; and depones, that the distance of the midding from the house where he received the wound is about a penny-stone cast; and when Alexander Fall retyr'd from the house, he said to the rest, 'retyre for your lives, for I have got my death;' depones he saw Robert Johnston, panel, come out of the cot-house with the fork in his hand, and pass by Alexander Fall and the deponent; heard the panel say, '*he had sticked the dog, and he would stick the whelps too;*' whereupon the panel run after the defunct's son with the fork in his hand, into the house of George Carter; depones, in a little while after the panel had gone into George Carter's house, the deponent saw him running down a balk and a mesdow; and in two hours after, saw him on horseback, riding away without his stockings or shoes, coat or cape."

Another witness deposed that—

"She heard Johnston say, '*Where are the whelps, that I may kill them too?*' that the prisoner followed Alexander Fall's son into George Carter's house, and the deponent went thither after him, out of fear that he should have done some harm to George Carter's wife or children; there saw the panel, with the said fork, search beneath a bed for Alexander Fall's son, who had hidden himself beyond the cradle; and then there being a cry given that Alexander Fall was dead, the panel went away."

Johnston was sentenced to be hanged on the 13th of June, 1727, but he escaped from prison. He was afterwards retaken; and in August, 1728, the High Court of

Justices at Edinburgh ordered his sentence to be put in execution.

A few years after this, a noted gipsy, Jean Gordon, appeared to have been reduced to rather distressed circumstances; for in May, 1732, we find that a petition was presented to the Circuit Court at Jedburgh, by Jean Gordon, commonly called *The Duchess*, then prisoner in the Tolbooth at Edinburgh; in which she states that she is "now become an old and infirm woman, having been long in prison." She concludes with requesting to be allowed "to take voluntary banishment upon herself, to depart from Scotland never to return thereto." It was probably during one of these periods of "voluntary banishment," that poor Jean encountered the Goodman of Lochside, on the south side of the Border.

In the combat at Lowrie's Den, this wife of one of the parties assisted her husband by holding down his opponent till he despatched him by repeated stabs with a small knife. This virago, thinking the murderer was not making quick enough work, called out to him, "*Strike laigh! Strike laigh!*"

The following observations respecting the continental gipsies are by a distinguished writer, Sir Walter Scott:—

"The gipsies every where pretend to skill in fortune-telling and sorcery; but in Germany they are supposed to have some particular spells for stopping the progress of conflagration. I have somewhere a German ballad on this subject:—Seven gipsies were unjustly doomed to death; the town takes fire; and the magistrates are obliged to release them, that they may arrest the flames by their incantations. Our Scottish gipsies are more celebrated for raising fire wilfully than for extinguishing it. This is their most frequent mode of vengeance when offended; and being a crime at once easily executed, and difficult of detection, the apprehension of it makes the country people glad to keep on fair terms with them."

"They are greatly averse to employment of a regular kind; but, when forced to serve, make good soldiers. On the continent, I believe, they are received into no service but that of Prussia, which, according to the rules of Frederick, still enrolls *bon gré mal gré*, whatever time they carry a musket. But they detest the occupation. A friend was passing a Prussian sentinel on his post at Paris a few years ago. The gentleman, as is usual abroad, was smoking as he walked; and it is a point of etiquette, that, in passing a sentinel, you take the pipe from your mouth. But as my friend was about to comply with this uniform custom, the

sentinel said, to his no small surprise, *Rauchen sic, immer fort; verdant sey der Preussische dienst*—'Smoke away, Sir, down the Prussian service.' My friend looked at him with surprise, and the marked gipsy features at once showed who he was, and why dissatisfied with the service, the duties of which he seemed to take pleasure in neglecting.

"In Hungary the gipsies are very numerous, and travel in great bands, like Arabs, gaily dressed in red and green, and often well armed and mounted. A friend of mine met a troop of them in this gallant guise, and was not a little astonished at their splendour. But their courage in actual battle is always held in low esteem. I cannot refer to the book, but I have somewhere read, that a pass or fort was defended by some of them, during a whole night, with such bravery and skill, that the Austrians, who were the assailants, supposed it to be held by regular troops, and were about to abandon their enterprise. But when day dawned, and showed the quality of the defenders, the attack was immediately renewed, and the place carried with great ease; as if the courage of the gipsies had only lasted till their character was made known."

ON THE SCANDINAVIAN MYTHOLOGY.

[The following brief account of the Mythology of the Norwegians, Swedes, and Icelanders, will serve materially to illustrate the novel of the *PIRATES*; and as the information is gleaned from books which are not only expensive, but difficult of access, it will, no doubt, prove acceptable to our readers.]

THE *Edda* and *Voluspa* contain a complete collection of fables, not at all similar to those of Greece and Rome. The *Edda* was composed in Iceland, in the thirteenth century, and is a commentary on the *Voluspa*, the bible of the North. Odin, Woden, or Wodan, was their supreme divinity. This hero is supposed to have emigrated from the East. He is represented as the god of battles, and slaughters thousands at a blow. His palace is called *Valhalla*, where the souls of those who had fallen bravely in battle partake supreme felicity. The day is spent in imaginary combats, and the night in feasting on the most delicious viands prepared, and served up by the *Valkyries*, virgins celebrated for their celestial charms and everlasting youth.

The horrid occupation of the *Valkyries*, while preparing the "loom of hell,"

is thus described by Gray, in his "Fatal Sisters:"

Glittering looms are the loom; he weaves
Where the dusky warp we strain,
Weaving many a soldier's doom,
Orkney's woe and Ranver's lane.

See the grisely texture grow,
'Tis of human entrails made;
And the weights that play below,
Each a gasping warrior's head.

Shafts for shuttles, dipped in gore,
Shoot the trembling cords along;
Sword, that once a monarch bore,
Keep the tissue close and strong.

They who had fallen in battle, drank mead (the nectar of Scandinavia) out of the skulls of their enemies, whom they had killed. *Sleepner*, the horse of *Odin*, is also honoured, as well as his master. *Loke*, or *Lok*, the evil spirit or genius of the North, resembles the *Typhon* of Egypt. *Signa*, or *Sinna*, is *Loke's* consort; hence the derivation of our word *sin*. The most frightful attitudes are given to their giants, *Weymur*, *Ferbanter*, *Belupher*, and *Hellunda*. The accounts of their various exploits are more ridiculous and uninteresting than those furnished by the Greek and Roman mythology. The principal deity after *Odin*, was *Frigga*, or *Frea*, his wife; she was called the mother of earth, and of the gods, and was the *Tantes* and *Astarte* of the Phenicians. *Thor* was their next deity; he presided over the winds and seasons, and particularly over thunder; he carried a mace, or club, which, as often as he discharged it, returned spontaneously to his hand; he grasped it with gauntlets of iron, and could renew his strength at pleasure; he was considered the avenger and defender of the gods. *Njord*, the Neptune of the North, reigned over the sea and winds. *Balder*, the son of *Odin*, was wise, eloquent, and endowed with such majesty, that his very glances were bright and shining. *Tyr*, was also a warrior-deity, and the protector of champions and brave men. *Brage*, presided over eloquence and poetry; his wife, named *Iduna*, had the care of certain apples, which the gods tasted, when they found themselves grow old, and which had the power of instantly restoring them to youth. *Heimdall* was their porter. The gods had made a bridge between heaven and earth. This bridge is the rainbow. *Heimdall* was employed to watch at one of the extremities, to prevent the giants from getting into heaven. It was difficult to surprise him, for he had the faculty of sleeping more lightly than a bird, and of discovering objects by day or night, at the distance of a hundred leagues. He had

an ear so fine, that he could hear the grass grow in the meadows, and the wool on the backs of the sheep. He carried a sword in one hand, and in the other a trumpet, whose sound could be heard through all the worlds. Loke, before named, had several children, the wolf Fenris, the serpent Midgard, and Hela, or Death, owe their birth to him: all three are enemies to the gods; who, after various struggles, have chained this wolf till the last day, when he is to break loose, and devour the sun. The serpent has been cast into the sea, where he is to remain till he is conquered by the god Thor. And Hela, or Death, is banished into the lower regions, where she governs nine worlds, into which she distributes those who are sent to her. This place was called Nifheim, and was reserved for those who died of disease or old age. Hela, or Death, here exercised her despotic power; her palace was Anguish; her table, Famine; her waiters were Expectation and Delay; the threshold of her door was Precipice; her bed Leanness; she was livid and ghastly; her very looks inspired horror.

The entrance to Nifheim, the dreadful abode of Hela, is thus described by Gray, in his "Descent of Odin:"

Down the yawning steep he rode,
That leads to Hela's drear abode.
Him the dog of darkness spied:
His shaggy throat he opened wide,
While from his jaws, with carnage filled,
Foam and human gore distilled.
Hearse he boys, with hideous din,
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin;
And long pursues, with fruitless yell,
The father of the powerful spell.

Every man has a destiny appropriated to himself, who determined the duration and events of his life. The three principal destinies were, Urd, the past; We-randi, the present; and Sculde, the future.

The meaning of the word Voluspa, is a prophecy of Vola, or Fola, a name synonymous with Sybil, and consequently used to designate a female, endowed with the gift of prophecy. It is very ancient, and contains an abstract of all the northern mythology. This book gives a description of the chaos; the formation of the world; the creation of giants, men, and dwarfs, who were the different species of its inhabitants; and details the employment of the faeries or destinies, who are called Nornies. The functions of the deities, and their most memorable exploits, are next recorded. The work concludes with a long and animated description of the final state of the universe, and its dissolution by fire. Odin, and all the pagan deities, are to be confounded in

this general ruin; and a new world is to spring up, arrayed in all the bloom of celestial beauty.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

PREDICTIONS FULFILLED.

THERE are two extraordinary instances of predictions being fulfilled, where no supernatural means can possibly be supposed. The first is mentioned by the learned Bishop of Worcester, in the preface to his "Sermons on Prophecy." It is part of a chorus in the "Medea of Seneca."

Venient Annis
Secula seris, quibus Oceanus
Vincula rerum laxet et ingens
Pateat tellus.—Tiphysque novos
Detegat orbes.—

This is obviously fulfilled by the invention of the compass, and the discovery of America. And in Dante's Purgatorio, is an exact description of the four stars near the South Pole, and yet Dante is known to have written before the discovery of the southern hemisphere.

EPIGRAM.

From *Le Ramelet Moundi*, by Godelin, a poet, who wrote in the dialect of Thoulouse early in the seventeenth Century.

THE Gay, who would be counted wise,
Think all delight in pastime lies;
Nor heed they what the wise condemn;
Whilst they pass time, time passes them.

DR. DONNE, speaking of the Bible, quaintly says, "Sentences in Scripture, like hair in horses tails, concur in one root of beauty and strength; but being plucked out one by one, serve only for springs and snares."

IMPROMPTU.

ON hearing a young lady named Husband was going to be married.

Maria!—do not think the muse,
With reason is at strife;
Who says a Husband you must lose,
Ere you can be a wife!

ANSWER.

Cease, silly bard, your idle trade,
I'll bet a rump and dosen,
It is not so;—cannot the maid
Marry young Tom—her cousin?

SOLOMON.

A SERMON

Preached by Sam. Quaco, a black clergyman, and native of Jamaica.

A MAX dat's bon ob woman, hab no long time to lib; he trouble every day too much; he grow up like a plantain; he cut down like a banana. Pose de man do good, he get good; pose de man do bad, he get bad; pose he do good he go to dat place call him glorio (glory), where Gor-a-mity (God Almighty), tan upon de top, and debble (devil) on de bottom; pose he do bad, he go to da place call him Hell, where he mut burn like de pepper-cod; he call so drink ob a wara; nobody give him drop to cool he dam tongue. Tan breren, you know one man, dey call him Sampson, he kill twenty thousand Philistines wid de jaw bone jackmossa. Tan you know tora (the other) man, call Jonas, he swallow whale; he mugin (must have been) a sad fellow for feesh; and tora man, he name King George, he lib tora side wara, he hab ting on he head, call him crown; grand ting, all same corn basket; so breren, Gor-a-mity bless you all. Amen!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Bookseller is informed, that the privileges allowed the Trade are precisely the same as when the MIRROR first commenced. The individual who informed him to the contrary must have had some sinister motive in doing so.

The next number of the MIRROR will complete the Fifth Volume; and will contain the Title-page, Preface, and Index. It will also contain a Portrait, engraved on steel, with a memoir, of Captain Franklin, R. N., now on an overland expedition, to meet Captain Furry, in the arctic regions.

The first number of the Sixth Volume will be published on the 3rd of July, when we trust our present unprecedented list of friends and patrons will receive a large augmentation.

A letter is left for F. W. D. at our Publisher's. The Origin of Philosophy has been received, and is under consideration.

Shelton's Essay on Paganism is very ingenious, but too full of Greek and Latin quotations from Horace and Virgil, Euripides and Cicero, for many of our readers.

Mr John Hawkins is entitled to a more detailed memoir than that kindly offered by Polycarp.

We shall try to find room for one of J. J.'s articles; though, from the number of our poetical contributors, he would have a better chance with us in prose.

The following are intended for early insertion:—*Alpheus; Janet; Alphonso; Frax. Baker; Lines on Chatterton; British Courage; W. J. T.; Aliquis; Julian's Sonnet; A. W. H.; Tracey, Solomon; Alice Woodson; L. E.; G. T.—s; Monus; W. P. B. C.—b; P. N.; A. W. S.; J. W. C.; C. F. E.; T. W. (who we request will specify the articles to which he alludes); Frank.*

The following articles are either too juvenile,

do not possess sufficient interest or merit, or are already sufficiently known:—*Sonnet to a Cat; R. D.; J.—s Fl—k—t; Lopez; El; J. H.; A. F.; Johannes; J. M.; Hamilton; J. G. L.; Egomet; J. P.; H. E. El—us; Justus; E. J. J.; J. A.; Scribble, N. J. R. P.; J. H. I—s; H. P.; A Youth of Fifteen.*

Philotinos's version of *Shelak Lea's Lamentation* is good, and the love of variety alone excludes it.

The lines to *Eris* are spirited, too much so, in a political point of view, for the MIRROR; and the same remark will apply to the lines by R. J. The Epigram by E. B. S. wants point.

We thank A. B., but we think less known subjects will be more acceptable to our readers.

We feel obliged by the offer of *Edward*, but fear the work, however good (and we believe it to be so), would not furnish an extract of sufficient general interest for the MIRROR.

Numerous Epitaphs and Epigrams, too numerous to indeed to mention, have already appeared in our *Gatherer*.

G. W. H.'s lines on *Happiness* are not very felicitous. The same remark will apply to *Walwyn's Imitation from the French*.

The *Boarding School Scene* is not sufficiently delicate.

The following have been received:—*W. H.; Epitaph by A. B.; Gaffa; The Spectra in Love; "Not One of the Eri;" S. V.; Juvenis.*

If we do not insert the communications of *Jacobus* and *G. A. L.*, it is for the reason already assigned—that the subject of Arithmetic has been sufficiently discussed. We do not, however, positively reject them.

Enigmas, Charades, &c. are inadmissible.

We do not exactly understand what J. P. L. means by our inserting the two *Military Spectacles*.

W. M. C. had better not write on the subject of sacrilege, when he calls burglary high-treason! A well-wisher has our thanks: he will meet with many of the persons he inquires after anon.

Clio's Memoir should have appeared ere now, had not others of a more pressing nature intervened: it is, however, intended for insertion, though, perhaps, after his last communication.

Andrew's Anecdote is but a version of one related of the courtiers of Henry IV. of France, of which we have some doubts, though none as to our correspondent's own veracity.

Will *Mary S. C.—i* state the name of the poem she inquires after?

We thank E. J. for the loan of his book, though imperfect.

The drawing of the *Cromlech*, sent by *Antiquarius*, we received, and thank him; but it differs so little from that of *Miss Coty House*, that we should prefer giving his description without an engraving, if he has no objection.

Valentines are out of season. J. G. must be aware of this.

We are much obliged to *Scriblerus Ottaker*, and if he furnishes us with a continuation, shall be happy to commence the series of articles of which he has sent the commencement.

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